

2701
THE
YOUNG QUAKER;

A *K*
COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL

IN
SMOKE ALLEY,

WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

M DCC LXXXIV.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Young Sadboy, (<i>the Quaker</i>)	Mr. Daly.
CHRONICLE, - - -	Mr. O'Reilly.
CAPTAIN AMBUSH, - -	Mr. Wood.
SHADRACH BOAZ, - -	Mr. Cornellys.
CLOD, - - -	Mr. G. Dawson.
Old Sadboy, - - -	Mr. Hurst.
LOUNGE, - - -	Mr. Sparks.
TWIG, - - -	Mr. M'Cready.
GOLIAH, - - -	Master Gemea.
MALACHI, - - -	Mr. Murphy.
SPATTERDASH, - -	Mr. Rider.

W O M E N.

DINAH PRIMROSE, -	Miss Hitchcock.
Lady ROUNCIFUL, - -	Mrs. Heaphy.
PINK, - - -	Mrs. Hitchcock.
Mrs. MILLIFLEUR, - -	Mrs. Hannam.
JUDITH, - - -	Mrs. O'Reilly.
ARAMINTA, - - -	Mrs. Cornellys.

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THE
YOUNG QUAKER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room with a Couch, and LOUNGE, *Young SADBØY's*
Servant.

Enter PINK and SPATTERDASH.

T HIS fellow, Lounge, sleeps till noon.

JUDITH.

Aye, he sleeps all day. His master has a pretty servant of him.

SPATTERDASH.

His master Young Sadboy, is beating his rounds; he no longer wears the broad brim of a Quaker; he has already been to one play, and begins to swear, Zounds! He is between the character of a Buck and a Quaker, in a continual see-saw of dissipation.

Enter Coachman and Young Sadboy.

COACHMAN.

My Fare is One Shilling and Sixpence.

Young SADBØY.

I tell thee, friend, thee art paid. Thou art full of guile.

COACHMAN.

I full of guile! It is no such thing; I drink nothing but right good beer.

Young SADBØY.

I will give thee a crooked bit of silver called a Sixpence.

COACHMAN.

I will have my Fare.

Young SADBØY.

Another word, you rascal, and I'll break your pate!—
Go, friend. [*Exit Coachman.*] (*To Spatterdash.*) Was there any gold or silver left in paper for me, or any one called for me?

SPATTERDASH.

There was a gentleman who desires you would call on him.

Young SADBROY.

If I do, damn me.—What, my servant asleep when he should watch? (*Sees Lounge.*) I will smite his Holofernes with the hand of Judith. [*Strikes Lounge with the hand of Judith.*]

JUDITH.

You did smite him hard.

Enter AMBUSH.

AMBUSH.

Old Sadbroy is arrived.

Young SADBROY.

Though my father would not suffer me to take Primrose's daughter in Philadelphia, as the wife of my bosom, because her father was gone off—but now I am in London, and as I have a tempting purse of gold in my pocket, I will take my round of pleasure. With the weight of much gold is my purse weighed down.

AMBUSH.

Presently you shall see the weight paid of Araminta.

Young SADBROY.

My attachment to my poor Dinah, was the reason of my father sending me to England.

Enter SERVANT.

Young SADBROY to SERVANT.

Do thou take my two horses from the stable, unto the leathern vehicle, and drive it unto the porch of my dwelling.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

Enter Pink and Spatterdash.

PINK.

Here is a letter from Araminta. Where is Captain Ambush? I must give it into his own hand.

SPATTERDASH.

So you want to give this letter into his hand, that he may slip half a guinea into yours.

PINK.

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PINK.

My mistress, I hear, will marry a rich man, if she marries your master the Captain.

SPATTERDASH.

What, my master rich! why he is only a Lieutenant.

PINK.

Lieutenants and Ensigns they are called Captains. They are all great officers.

Enter AMBUSH.

PINK.

Here is a letter from Araminta.

AMBUSH. (*Reads.*)

Going to Chronicle's! how unlucky!—Where does Chronicle live?

PINK.

In Grosvenor-street.

AMBUSH.

That is an odd place for a Stock-broker.

SPATTERDASH.

Chronicle lives in the house in Grosvenor-street.

PINK.

What token am I to carry to my mistress?

AMBUSH.

By the same token take this.

[*Kisses her, and Exit.*]

PINK.

I know poor Spatt. has nothing else to give: but the Captain might have given him something else.—Well, ply us home with that, and I'll ensure you success.

SCENE II.

Lady ROUNCIFUL's House.

Lady ROUNCIFUL and ARAMINTA.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

I would have you to think of Mr. Chronicle.

ARA-

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ARAMINTA.

My father never enjoined me to do any thing against my own will.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Chronicle is a man of good fortune.

ARAMINTA.

It is much better to go to church with a young gentleman, than go hobbling there with an old one. It is sufficient where two fond hearts unite. *(Sings.)*

"Gang down the bourne, Davy love, and I'll follow thee."

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Your duty and gratitude should induce you to follow my advice.

ARAMINTA.

My heart was ever swayed by duty and gratitude. I thank you for your past care of me; but prudence will lead me to be the guardian to my own happiness.

Enter PINK.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

What have you been about?

PINK.

Who I?—I have been about the town.—I gave the letter. *(Aside to Araminta.)*

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Have you been carrying letters then?

PINK.

Not I.

ARAMINTA.

Has he sent no answer? *(Aside.)*

PINK.

Not a line.

(Aside.)

ARAMINTA.

I will stay at home this evening, and will see Mr. Chronicle. *[Exit.]*

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

This is indeed kind of you. I beg you will receive him respectfully. *[Exit.]*

ARAMINTA to PINK.

My mother has no power over me.

PINK.

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PINK.

But if I lose my place by this affair, I must look out for a better place than depending on little Cupids.

ARAMINTA.

Did he send me a token?

PINK.

He did send a token—but here is his man.

Enter SPATTERDASH.

ARAMINTA.

I must have this token.

SPATTERDASH.

I have ventured into the enemy's lines: if I should see Lady Rounciful, what shall I do?

ARAMINTA.

I hope Mr. Godfrey is well?

SPATTERDASH.

Mr. Godfrey! hum!—My master is well.

ARAMINTA.

I hope you have brought the token. What was the token your master gave my maid?

SPATTERDASH.

Oh, oh!—I have a great mind—She wants to have a kiss.
(*Offers to salute Araminta, who screams out.*)

Enter Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Why did you scream?

ARAMINTA.

This servant wanted to salute me.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Whose servant is he?

PINK.

Mr. Chronicle's—Say your Chronicle's servant, if ever you expect favour from me. [*Aside to Spatterdash, and whispers.*]

SPATTERDASH.

I am Mr. Chronicle's servant.

Lady

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

What message have you brought me?

SPATTERDASH.

He begs you will be at his house this evening, instead of he coming to yours.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

We expected him here: are you sure you are right?

SPATTERDASH.

I insist on it that I am right: he desires you to come to his house.

ARAMINTA.

Give our compliments to him, and we shall do ourselves the honour of waiting on him.

PINK.

Had you the impudence to offer to kiss the lady?

SPATTERDASH.

I knew the token that was given was only a kiss.

PINK.

Desire your master to bear his own tokens another time himself.

SPATTERDASH to ARAMINTA.

I hope you will not tell my master.

ARAMINTA.

Indeed I will not.—Here, go with this card. (*Reads.*)
 “Lady Rounciful will wait on Mr. Chronicle this evening.”—Chronicle will certainly hang himself to-morrow,
 (*Aside.*) [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter CHRONICLE's Servants, TWIG, and CLOD.

TWIG.

MY master gets the tenants sons from the country, and then starves them, as he has me.

CLOD.

Starve!—How is it possible that a servant could starve in such a fine house as this?

TWIG.

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TWIG.

Let who will be a servant to the old stingy Curmudgeon for me—I will go and slip into my own cloaths.

CLOD.

Oh! here's my master.

CHRONICLE.

I shall be too late for my visit; my buckles are rather dull, but cleaning them wears the silver—I will go in my blue and silver, but I will keep the paper on to the last moment, for fear of tarnishing the embroidery. My white and silver I will keep for my wedding cloaths. (*Aside.*) Are you there, Clod?

CLOD.

Yes, Sir, I's be come.

CHRONICLE.

Your livery must be let out—(*to Clod.*)—Go your ways, you are in fine running order—(*Pushes out Twig.*—*Clod laughs.*)

CHRONICLE.

What makes you laugh?

CLOD.

You look in that great white wig, all the world like the sign of the White Lion in our village. [*A rap at the door.*]

CLOD.

(*Goes to the door and returns.*)—Here the postman has left that letter, [*gives a letter*] but he did not wait an answer.

CHRONICLE.

Hah! a letter from my old friend Shadrach Boaz.—He says he is just arrived in town, and requests I will meet him at the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad-lane'; he says he has brought a pretty girl with him from Dover, and he is resolved not to lose sight of her. Come along, Clod.—This fellow's looks will save me half a muffin every morning. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Enter Young SADBØY, AMBUSH, and CHRONICLE.

SADBØY.

Welcome to your own house.

AMBUSH.

How came you in possession? (*To Chronicle.*)

CHRO-

CHRONICLE.

By the means of ready money—Shadrach's name is in the mortgage.

AMBUSH.

Where is Shadrach?

CHRONICLE.

At Hamburgh or Spa—I know not where he is.

SADBOY.

Damn you and Sadrach—I am troubled lest thou become a bye-word with thy neighbours—What, would you turn a gentleman out of his own house?

CHRONICLE.

Captain march out of your own house.

SADBOY.

Were I a Captain, I would collar that man.—I would kill that man.

CAPTAIN.

I will settle my affairs myself.

CHRONICLE.

Is this the son of old Sadboy?

CAPTAIN.

What would you say to see him dance a cotillon?

SADBOY.

Zounds! I can hardly refrain from kicking him. (*Aside.*)

CHRONICLE.

I would give a ball in your own house to see him dance, and you shall figure in—Come, Captain, I desire you will march out.

CLOD.

Here is a servant from Araminta, with a piece of paste-board written on.

CHRONICLE.

A card, you blockhead.

Enter SPATTERDASH.

SPATTERDASH.

This is to Mr. Chronicle from Araminta. (*Gives a card.*)

AMBUSH to SPATTERDASH.

What are you about here? (*Aside.*)

SPATTERDASH to AMBUSH.

I am Lady Rounciful's servant.—I come here, in order to bring about an interview with a young gentleman that Araminta loves best. (*Aside.*)

CHRONICLE. (*Reads.*)

“Lady Rounciful's compliments to Mr. Chronicle, and shall

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shall do herself the honour to pay him a visit, instead of seeing him at her house."

SADBOY.

She thought Spatterdash belonged to Chronicle. Old Square-toes is finely taken in.

CHRONICLE.

Come to my house—Well, Shadrich shall give up the mortgage of the house to-morrow.

SADBOY.

Won't you entertain the ladies?—you cannot get off.

CHRONICLE.

What brought this expence on me?

AMBUSH and SADBOY.

We will be of the party.

CHRONICLE.

No, you will not.

SADBOY.

I'll bet you five guineas of it.

CHRONICLE.

Well, if you like a brisk widow—I will let you be at the whole expence of this evening's entertainment, and then you will see her.

AMBUSH.

I don't value a few guineas.

SADBOY to CHRONICLE.

You won't lay out, you say——

CHRONICLE.

Not a shilling.—Are you who wears the king's cloth afraid?

[To Ambush.

AMBUSH.

Afraid!—Afraid of what?

CHRONICLE.

Of being at the whole expence of this entertainment yourself. You need not lay out more than 40 or 50 guineas.

SADBOY.

Well, Captain, you will pay it I am sure—Honour is the characteristic of a British soldier.

[Exit.

B

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Mrs. MILLIFLEUR's House.

Enter BOAZ, and SERVANTS, with Trunks.

BOAZ.

Shew the young woman who came in the diligence in.

[To a servant, who exits.

BOAZ solus.

I find she knows no one in this town. A young woman without friends or moneys in London, cannot long subsist on virtues.—This is her trunk:—Perhaps the contents of that trunk may keep her honest for some small time. *(He puts her trunk into his own in great confusion; he cries out)* Oh! where is the young woman's trunk? somebody has cut it away from behind the diligence.

Enter DINAH PRIMROSE.

BOAZ.

So, we are safe arrived.

DINAH.

You have been very civil to me during our voyage: is there any thing I can do for you?

BOAZ.

You are come over to see your friends, you say. I am sure you have one friend, and that is myself: you have no moneys—You was brought up in America, and was left an infant, to the care of Old Sadboy, you say, and your name is Dinah Primrose—Is your father alive?

DINAH.

I believe my father is alive, and lives in London; his name is Primrose—I do not know my parents.

BOAZ.

Have you any moneys?

DINAH.

No.

BOAZ.

There is no subsisting in London without the cash—If you will go with me to my friend in the Old Jury, you must be mighty cautious. This is a wicked town; there are so many snares laid—I shall have her all to myself. *(Aside.)* Have you any luggage?

DINAH.

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DINAH.

None left; I was robbed of it.—I was directed to Mrs. Primrose in London.

BOAZ.

She said something about Primrose being in London—You know me capable of friendship.

DINAH.

Yes, thee art very good to me.

Enter CHRONICLE.

BOAZ.

She comes from Philadelphia, she says, and came over to pass as a relation. I was shocked at her story.

[Aside to Chronicle.]

CHRONICLE.

I dare say—I dare say.

BOAZ.

I told her on the road, when she found I was your very particular friend, that I would get your consent to be married to her.

[Chronicle goes to the door.]

BOAZ.

Where are you going?

CHRONICLE.

To get two constables.

BOAZ.

You must not go—Cannot you give your consent, while my love is going on?

CHRONICLE.

(Stops and looks full at her.) She is so very pretty—she is just what I should suppose my poor daughter to be, if she knew I was Primrose. But I must give up my house in Gosvenor-street. I will have a snug box in Hackney—*(To Boaz.)*—Take care of the goods.

BOAZ.

You know my way.

[Exit.]

The YOUNG QUAKER.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*An ENTERTAINMENT.**Enter Young SADBROY and SPATTERDASH.*

I SPATTERDASH.
Believe I am Chronicle's servant now.

Young SADBROY.

I see they are sumptuous in this entertainment. Here is Champagne and Burgundy; of these I will carry off three flasks—I have had a bottle of each since dinner.—Champagne is delicious—*(Drinks.)*—But if I drink too much I may come to shame; I am cautious in making too free with the juice of the grape; I hate a man who tipples in company with the ladies. A man that is drunk to women is always displeasing. *(To Spatterdash.)* When you see me making too free with the bottle, give me the wink.

SPATTERDASH.

Indeed I will, Sir. ————— *[Exit Sadboy. (Going to the sideboard)]* How came this wine decanted? Well, since it is decanted, I must decant it again. I suppose I shall find a bottle of Burgundy decanted by and by. *(Drinks.)* Here am I to watch Sadboy—here is a great deal of business on my hands. I am to hinder Sadboy from exposing himself to the ladies. *(Drinks.)* Here is love and long life. *(Fills a glass, and reels about.)* I have a great deal of business on my hands. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lady ROUNCIFUL, CHRONICLE, and ARAMINTA.

ARAMINTA.

I am quite disappointed—Could I imagine such a figure as that, the master of such a mansion as this—Where did you get this taste? You have the most elegant taste I ever observed: To see you in this house looks like an Owl in a Jay's dress.

Enter CLOD.

CLOD.

Here is Captain Rambush below.

CHRONICLE.

Captain Ambush, you rascal! Admit him.

Enter

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Enter CAPTAIN AMBUSH.

CHRONICLE.

This is Lady Rounciful; this is Araminta, my intended spouse.

AMBUSH.

Madam, you do me a great deal of honour.

(Aside to Araminta.)

CHRONICLE *to* Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Madam, I have some pictures here to shew you, some of which are originals, and so black.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Whose picture is this?

CHRONICLE.

Mr. Godfrey's.

ARAMINTA.

What a resemblance to Captain Ambush!

CHRONICLE.

These are pictures of persons of rank and condition.

[Exeunt Lady Rounciful and Chronicle.]

ARAMINTA.

If the original of that picture falls in my way, I shall certainly fall in love with him.

AMBUSH.

There is a strong resemblance to your humble admirer.

Enter CHRONICLE *and* Lady ROUNCIFUL.

CHRONICLE.

I have a few pictures, but they are good. I will speak a good word for you to the widow.

(Aside to Ambush.)

Enter CLOD.

CLOD.

Here is Mr. Badboy below.

CHRONICLE.

Mr. Sadboy, you mean; this fellow always mistakes people's names.

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Enter

The YOUNG QUAKER.

Enter SADBØY.

CHRONICLE.

Send the Quaker to Philadelphia, and be the gentleman for half an hour: take off your beaver to the ladies.

SADBØY.

Damn you; Chronicle has, instead of the wisdom of years, a head like a ball stuffed with hair, and covered with leather.

CHRONICLE.

Hear how he curses and swears. Oh! you are a profligate.

Enter SPATTERDASH, drunk.

SPATTERDASH.

Did you call, Sir? I have laid in the wine.

CHRONICLE.

You have laid in the wine indeed.

SPATTERDASH.

I have nothing to do in the world: I want for nothing, only a little impudence.

CHRONICLE to Lady ROUNCIFUL.

If he was not your servant, I would—

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

He brought me a message from you.

CHRONICLE.

He brought me a message from you.

CHRONICLE to SPATTERDASH.

Who are you?

SPATTERDASH.

I am a man very well known among the ladies. (*Sings.*)
 "I am a man for the ladies, with the tip of your fan, &c."

CHRONICLE.

Be gone.

SPATTERDASH.

I won't go till my master commands me.

AMBUSH.

I must not speak to him.

(*Aside.*)

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SPATTERDASH.

I must watch Mr. Sadboy, to prevent his getting drunk. He is getting monstrous drunk. I must get him away. (*Afide.*) Come out, you are drunk, Sir—— (*To Sadboy.*)

SADBOY (*afide*) to SPATTERDASH.

It was Chronicle you was desired to watch, and not me.

SPATTERDASH to CHRONICLE.

Out you go; you're drunk.

CHRONICLE.

I am not drunk. Will no one help me?

SPATTERDASH.

You will thank me for this hereafter,—you will but expose yourself. Out you go, out you go. He is going to be amorous. (*Carries him out.*) [Exit.

SCENE II.

Mrs. MILLIFLEUR's House.

Enter Young SADBOY.

SADBOY.

Yeo hoix! my beagles; yeo hillo! where are my beagles? [Exit.

Enter BOAZ and Mrs. MILLIFLEUR.

BOAZ.

I want an apartment for a young lady; but I hope you have no gentlemen lodging here.

Mrs. MILLIFLEUR.

I have none but ladies lodges here.

Captain AMBUSH (*in the house.*)

Sings—" And a hunting we will go, we'll go, and a hunting we will go."

BOAZ.

Does your maid go a hunting?

Mrs. MILLIFLEUR.

It is a hunting Quaker in the house.

BOAZ.

I never knew of hunting Quakers.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter DINAH.

DINAH alone.

(This man giveth himself much trouble on my account—What could I have done had I not met with such a friend? Heavens! what will become of me? How could Old Saddy draw his affection from me! I did not encourage his son to love me—Perhaps I may never see him more; but if my dear father lives, I may still be happy.)

Enter BOAZ.

BOAZ.

They are very pretty lodgings indeed—I will be your friend. *(To Dinah.)*

DINAH.

Thou shalt always expect my gratitude.

BOAZ.

You have nobody to depend upon but me; thou art poor, and I did lend thee moneys, therefore we will settle accounts upon your beauty; you shall accept my draft upon your virtue, and pay me with your honour—I will take you into keeping.

DINAH.

I did look upon thee as a star of light—but now, you want to flatter me into the wilderness of infamy—I will preserve my virtue with my life!

BOAZ.

This is fine talking.

DINAH.

Begone! and doo not seek my ruin.

BOAZ.

I will take you into keeping.

DINAH.

I will ne'er consent.

BOAZ.

Nay, then I must have you. *(Attempts to force her off the stage, when Dinah screams violently.)*

Enter

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Enter *Young SADB* in haste.

Young SADB.

What noise is this?

BOAZ.

Who sent for you?

Young SADB.

I was willing to hinder thee from doing that which would bring thee to be hanged.

BOAZ.

I think I may venture to strike him, for Quakers never fight. (*Aside.*) *Strike him*—Take that and that.

Young SADB.

Thou shalt be rewarded tenfold. (*Beats Boaz.*)

BOAZ.

Oh! you a Quaker—You are the devil of a Quaker.—What will become of me to be beat in this manner?—I thought you would have turned the other cheek.

Young SADB.

Friend, begone!—Here, Goliath, Goliath, turn this man down stairs out of the porch.

Enter *GOLIAH*.

BOAZ.

He now calls Goliath to me. I suppose this Goliath is a Colossus.—Art thou Goliath?

GOLIAH.

I am called Goliath.

BOAZ.

He speaks very faint. I'll face him—Oh, ho! if you are Goliath, I will whip you with a birch rod.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter *CHRONICLE* and *SPATTERDASH*.

CHRONICLE.

What did you mean by hauling me out of the company?

SPAT-

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SPATTERDASH.

I did as I was ordered. I am no longer your servant or your representative.

CHRONICLE.

If every one in P—— was to be hauled out by their constituents, there would be some empty benches. (*Afide.*) Now I have these lodgings for a fortnight rent-free, but I long to get back to the city. [*Exit.*]

Enter LOUNGE and CLOD.

CLOD.

Is my master's dress come here yet, young man?

LOUNGE.

Do you know who you talk to, fellow—I desire in future you will learn how to address me.

CLOD.

I learn how to dress you.

LOUNGE.

There is some difference between me and you, fellow.

CLOD.

I called you a young man; shall I call you a middle aged man then?

LOUNGE.

I am my master's own gentleman, damn me! Less of you familiarity, sarrah, or I will kick you down stairs, damn me. [*Exit.*]

CLOD.

I will kick you down stairs, damn me! [*Mimicking.*]

Enter JUDITH.

JUDITH.

Is this Clod?

CLOD.

Do you know who you are talking to? You must learn how to dress me.

JUDITH.

Me learn how to dress you!

CLOD.

CLOD.

There is some difference between you and me, damn me!—I am my master's own gentleman, damn me!

JUDITH.

You are a pretty sort of a gentleman.

CLOD.

Less of your familiarity, or I will kick you down stairs, damn me! (*Mimicking Lounge*) I will not live with Chronicle any longer—indeed I do not live with him, I only starve with him. It is as good to be out of bread as have nothing to eat.

CHRONICLE.

Here, Clod.

CLOD.

I am a true-born English servant, I will not live with you any longer. [Exit.]

Enter SERVANT.

LOUNGE to CHRONICLE.

Old Mr. Sadboy is below.

Enter Old SADBROY and MALACHI.

Old SADBROY.

His name is Rubens Sadboy—is he at home?

LOUNGE.

Quite at home here I assure you—Why he is so served, he eats of the best in London.

Old SADBROY.

Why sojourneth he at this end of the town? why dwelleth he not in Leadenhall-street? or Threadneedle-street? nigh unto the Exchange called Royal, and resorteth with the merchants? I am told that he doth shine in gold and silver, and drinketh wine from Madeira and France, and doth ride in a chariot, yea in a Tim Whiskey;—for these
evil

evil doings I do repent me that I sent him from Philadelphia. Oh! America, America, I find the spirit of anger doth arise up within me against my son.

MALACHI.

Thou dost wax exceeding strong in anger.

Old SADBØY.

I will peradventure examine his trunks, and of his garments of silk and silver will I despoil him. Humph! Neither bolts nor bars shall prevent me from knowing the thing which I do wish to know. *(They force open the closet door, and bring out a suit of Chronicle's laced cloaths.)* Here is needle-work of gold, and of silver, made in the vanity of his heart; these garment will I burn, and I will leave my property to the faithful in Philadelphia, yea, even to the strangers to my blood. *[Exit.]*

Enter Mrs. MILLIFLEUR and DINAH.

Mrs. MILLIFLEUR.

I will take care of you in my house.

DINAH.

Though this woman be not among the faithful, yet I will do every thing I can in return for her kindness.

[Exeunt.]

Enter PINK and SPATTERDASH.

PINK.

Is Mr. Godfrey here?

SPATTERDASH.

Godfrey! I know no such man.

PINK.

You say you know no such man, marry come up indeed.

[Exit]

CHRD.

The YOUNG QUAKER.

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CHRONICLE (*crosses the stage.*)

I perceive there are many in these lodgings.

Enter Mrs. MILLIFLEUR and BOAZ.

BOAZ.

Only one word with the young woman.

MILLIFLEUR.

You have no business here.

[*Exit.*]

BOAZ.

Oh she is damned bad goods; she has robbed me, and then ran away from me.

CHRONICLE.

Had you not personal security?

BOAZ.

No matter for dat. (*Chronicle goes into the room, and returns.*)

CHRONICLE.

Oh, I am robbed, and the key in my pocket!

BOAZ.

I hope you are not robbed, Mr. Chronicle.

CHRONICLE.

Yes, I am robbed, I am robbed.

BOAZ.

I am glad of it, (*Afide.*)—I be sorry for dat.

Enter Mrs. MILLIFLEUR and DINAH.

Mrs. MILLIFLEUR.

What is all this noise about?

C

CHRO-

CHRONICLE.

I am robbed, I am robbed. She has robbed me of my laced cloaths.

Mrs. MILLIFLEUR.

She robbed you! She is an innocent creature! if she could find her father all would be well.

BOAZ to DINAH.

I have let Mr. Primrose into your whole story.

DINAH.

Tell me where is my father, my heart bleeds for him!

CHRONICLE.

I could wish you honest.

BOAZ.

She must not get out of my hands. Give me my moneys, 23l. 2s. 9d. I did lend thee.

CHRONICLE.

Well, if I have 2s. 9d. I will pay it.

BOAZ.

It is 23l. 2s. 9d. I have the officers of justice below to take her.

Mrs. MILLIFLEUR.

Officers in my house! I'll go see into this.

(Returns, and gives a paper to Dinah.)

Here is a receipt for the money. Oh! the dear young creature, Mr. Sadboy, the moment he heard of her distress, discharged the debt.

BOAZ.

BOAZ.

That was damned impertinent in him.

CHRONICLE.

Oh, you damned infernal rascal! (*to Boaz*) My poor beloved Dinah. (*Weeps.*) My name is Primrose. I am thy father, child. Oh my child! my child!

DINAH.

Oh my father! (*embracing him.*) Do I then live to see my father. (*Weeps.*)

CHRONICLE.

Thou art indeed my child.—But where is my white and silver.

Enter *Young SADB*BOY.

*Young SADB*BOY.

The bailiff's are gone, and go thou likewise. (*to Boaz.*)

BOAZ.

So you have discharged them, did you? She was no relation of your's.

*Young SADB*BOY.

I heard she was in distress, and that to me is claim sufficient.

CHRONICLE.

My dear daughter will learn to thank you.—O how you are changed. (*Aside.*)

*Young SADB*BOY.

I will introduce you to Lord Belmore. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

CHRONICLE's House.

*Young SADBURY and Captain AMBUSH meet.**Young SADBURY.*

I Will go court Araminta myself.

AMBUSH.

I am determined to propose myself to her as Lieutenant Ambush, and in the mean time will send this letter to Lady Rounciful.

"MADAM,

"My flight acquaintance with Miss Araminta will only permit me to address you in this manner for permission to pay my respects to the young lady, &c.

"BELMONT."

AMBUSH.

My wife, whoever I marry, must honour me for no title but that of an honest heart.

Young SADBURY.

I must call on Dinah, in my habit of Alexander the Great, as I go to the masquerade.

AMBUSH.

You are sure of your love.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Lady ROUNCIFUL's House.

Lady ROUNCIFUL to ARAMINTA.

My late husband was always so willing to oblige, so ready at the tea-table, he was happy to serve the ladies; he had a smile to one, a nod to another, a bow to the third, a bon-mot to the fourth, and a joke with fifth.—It was he that could do it.

ARAMINTA.

This picture of Captain Ambush must be of my Godfrey; he must be the original; “For a soldier he is for the ladies.”

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Here is Mr. Chronicle.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

We are at home to him.

CHRONICLE.

Soon I shall be your dutiful son-in-law; when the chaplain has read the ceremony, then on I go the happy journey for life.

ARAMINTA.

Did you say journey? *(Sings.)*

*Your journey I fear, will do you no good,
For you will wander about like the babes in the wood.*

[Exit.

CHRONICLE.

I dare say she will make a very agreeable galloping dreary dun. *(Aside.)*

Young SADBØY.

Well said, my old buck. *(Aside.)*

The YOUNG QUAKER.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

You will soon have a right to her chamber. Why don't you follow her there? Take my word for it, she will not like you the worse for it.

SERVANT.

A letter to your ladyship. (*Gives a letter to Lady Rounciful.*)

(*Lady ROUNCIFUL reads.*)

"—with for permission to pay my respects to your daughter, the young lady Araminta.

I am yours,

BELMONT."

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

This is a much more advantageous match for my daughter, than Chronicle—I must break this intended match with her and Chronicle.

Enter CHRONICLE.

CHRONICLE.

Oh the knowing rogue, she would not let me in.

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Had you the assurance to follow my daughter to her chamber? What encouragement did ever you receive from her or me to warrant your taking such a liberty?

CHRONICLE.

Madam!

Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Sir, what have you ever seen in me or my daughter, to countenance such an intrusion? (*Calls her servant.*)

Enter CLOD.

Take notice that in future, that whenever this gentleman comes to me or my daughter, we are never at home to him.

[*Exit.*

CHRO-

The YOUNG QUAKER.

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CHRONICLE.

Whew! I am not awake sure! Clod, come, and shake me by the shoulder, lest I fall into a lethargy. (*Shakes him.*)
Are my eyes open?

CLOD.

They are wide open.

CHRONICLE.

Hit my back.

CLOD.

There and there. (*Strikes Chronicle.*)

CHRONICLE.

Now I believe I am awake

Captain AMBUSH and Young SADBURY
(*Come forward.*)

When are we to wish you joy?

CHRONICLE.

Don't torment me.

AMBUSH.

Why what has been the matter here?

CLOD.

Could you believe it, my master has fell into a fit of lethargy!

AMBUSH.

If Araminta is altered in her love by a title, she prefers me not for my sincerity. (*Aside.*)

Enter ARAMINTA.

ARAMINTA.

My mother believes you are Lord Belmont. There was a letter came to my mother.

AMBUSH.

The YOUNG QUAKER.

AMBUSH.

That letter I signed. (*Aside.*)

ARAMINTA.

He made proposals as Lord Belmont. (*Aside.*)

AMBUSH.

If she fixed on the title instead of disinterested love, my hopes are blasted. Every hope of happiness is lost for ever. (*Aside.*) Did you consent to give your hand to another?

ARAMINTA.

I thought I gave my consent to you.

AMBUSH.

My charming Araminta, you have too fond a partiality for me.

ARAMINTA.

What, do you refuse me then?

AMBUSH.

In consenting to my happiness, you are the only person imposed on. I did this to prove the disinterestedness of your love—I am the person you would wish me to be.

ARAMINTA.

I would prefer being the wife of Lieutenant Ambush, to being the lady of the first peer of the realm.—Be you who you will, a lord or a lieutenant, I am happy in being your wife.

AMBUSH.

Know, then, I am Lord Belmont—May the fate of every generous woman be thus decided.

ARAMINTA.

And thus rewarded with the man she loves.

[*Exeunt severally.*
Enter

Enter CLOD.

CLOD.

Oh! I wish I could be a gentleman to a lord.

Young SADBROY.

My fellow is always out of the way——Do you live with Chronicle friend?

CLOD.

I do not live with Chronicle, but I starve with him.

Young SADBROY.

Is that the case?

CLOD.

The case is good enough, but where is the lining—Lord, he would make a choice master for me. (*Aside.*) Lord, Sir, what a bad servant you have. Sir, I am a very good one; I never would neglect a gentleman who would take me into his service; I never stay when my master calls.

Young SADBROY.

Did you ever dress an Alexander?

CLOD.

Yes, twenty of them.

Young SADBROY.

In this habit of Alexander the Great, will I visit my dear Dinah. (*Aside.*) Help to attire me.

CLOD.

You will never be tired of me.

Young SADBROY.

Bring the helmit to my room.

[*Exit.*

CLOD.]

CLOD.

Did he not bid me bring something to him? It must be this hermit.

CHRONICLE.

Here Clod.

[Exit.

CLOD.

I can't go (*to Chronicle.*)——I am coming (*to Sadboy.*)——
I can't go——I am coming.

Enter Old SADBOY and CHRONICLE.

Old SADBOY.

Here, friend.—(*To Clod.*)

CLOD.

What! stop a man in the road to preferment. (*Runs out.*)

Old SADBOY to CHRONICLE.

Doth my son Rubens walk with the righteous?

CHRONICLE.

He walks and rides with lords and the best people in town.

Old SADBOY.

What has he to do with lords?

CHRONICLE.

To be sure he might keep better company——He is pretty good.

Old SADBOY.

It was told me he went after vanities.

CHRO-

CHRONICLE.

He is a good boy, a pious boy, and a holy lad.—I must speak well of him, as he is to marry my daughter. (*Aside.*)

*Old SADB*Y.

Thou rejoiceth my heart.

Enter *Young SADB*Y in the habit of Alexander the Great.

*Old SADB*Y.

Art thou my son Rubens?

*Young SADB*Y.

I am thy son Rubens.

*Old SADB*Y.

I sent thee over to England to transact business for the faithful in Philadelphia; hast thou been among the merchants and the tobacco sellers?

*Young SADB*Y.

No.

*Old SADB*Y.

Thou hast been among wine-bibbers and horse-racers.

*Young SADB*Y.

Yea, I confess mine iniquities.

*Old SADB*Y.

Little did I look for this: I have cut him off with a shilling; that holy man! he is drest now to go to the wicked places about town.—You are feathered now, you are just fit to be tarred.

*Young SADB*Y.

I will be good, very good.

*Old SADB*Y.

I do lament my choler: I will forgive him.

CHRONICLE.

Forgive him! but what will you give him?

Enter DINAH.

Old SADBØY.

I will give him my vineyard, my house, my plantations, and my slaves.

Young SADBØY.

I will accept of the house and plantations, on behalf of myself and my brethren in America; but as to slaves, I declare that every slave of mine shall henceforth be as free as air. Liberty shall no longer be considered as the peculiar blessing of England; it shall be extended to America; and may him only be deprived of it, who can make a slave of any one.

Captain AMBUSH.

I wish you joy!

Enter Lady ROUNCIFUL.

CHRONICLE to Lady ROUNCIFUL.

Poor Godfrey is become your son-in-law.

Young SADBØY.

Well, misers above all human beings are the worst enemies to mankind. How can he feel for others, who cannot feel for himself? The tear of sensibility can never have possession of his breast. He never does good to any, nor never gains himself a friend.

CHRONICLE.

I will be hanged but that is a good sermon, and costs me nothing.

Young SADBØY.

Should future ills alarm,
Or innocence disarm,
May a faithful heart and wife
Prove the guardian genius of my life!

[*Exeunt.*

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F I N I S.

